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## RILEY FAVORITES

A Song of Long Ago

He and I

When My Dreams Come True

The Rose

Away

Her Beautiful Eyes

Do They Miss Me









# RILEY FAVORITES

*By*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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A SONG OF LONG AGO  
HE AND I  
WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE  
THE ROSE  
AWAY  
HER BEAUTIFUL EYES  
DO THEY MISS ME

DECORATED BY  
EMILY HALL CHAMBERLAIN



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by  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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A SONG OF  
LONG AGO



SONG of Long Ago:

Sing it lightly—

sing it low—


Sing it softly—like the lispings  
of the lips we used to know

When our baby-laughter spilled

From the glad hearts ever filled


With music blithe as

robin ever trilled!











Let the fragrant summer-breeze,  
And the leaves of locust-trees,  
And the apple-buds and  
blossoms, and the  
wings of honey-bees,  
All palpitate with glee,  
Till the happy harmony  
Brings back each childish  
joy to you and me.







Let the eyes of fancy turn

Where the tumbled pippins burn

Like embers in the orchard's lap  
of tangled grass and fern,—

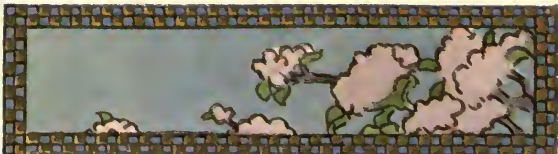
There let the old path wind

In and out and on behind

The cider-press that  
chuckles as we grind.








Blend in the song the moan  
Of the dove that grieves alone,  
And the wild whir of the locust,  
and the bumble's  
drowsy drone;  
And the low of cows that call  
Through the pasture-  
bars when all  
The landscape fades  
away at evenfall.







Then, far away and clear,  
Through the dusky atmosphere,  
Let the wailing of the kildee be  
the only sound we hear:  
O sad and sweet and low  
As the memory may know  
Is the glad-pathetic  
song of Long Ago!










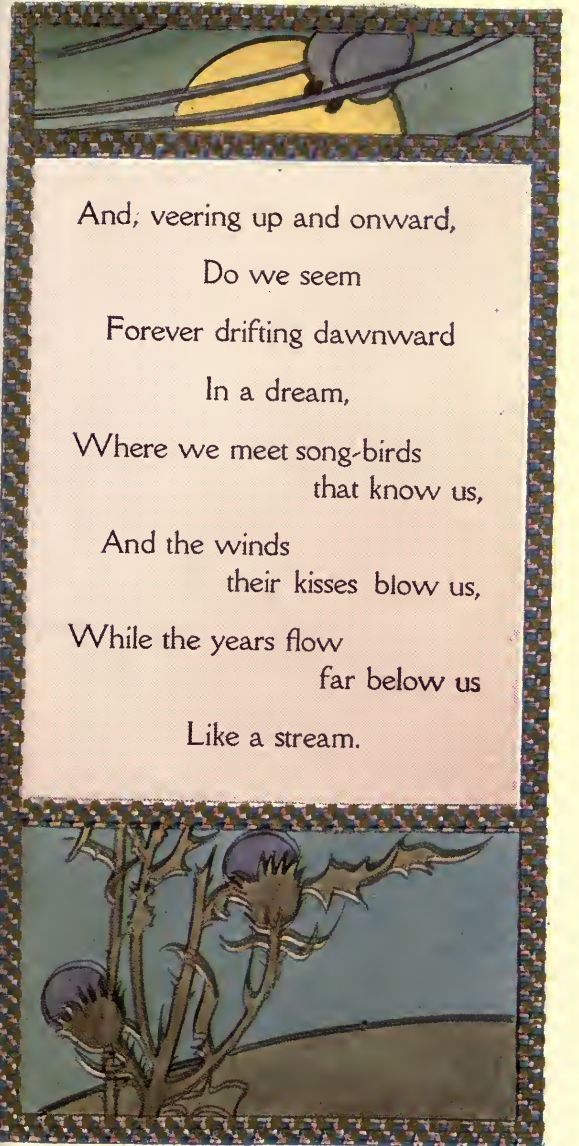
## HE AND I



JUST drifting  
on together—  
He and I—  
As through the balmy weather  
Of July  
Drift two thistle-tufts imbedded  
Each in each—by  
zephyrs wedded—  
Touring upward,  
giddy-headed.  
For the sky.

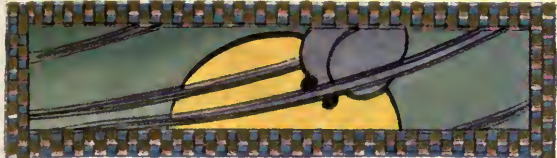






And, veering up and onward,  
Do we seem  
Forever drifting downward  
In a dream,  
Where we meet song-birds  
that know us,  
And the winds  
their kisses blow us,  
While the years flow  
far below us  
Like a stream.





And we are happy—very—

He and I—

Aye, even glad and merry

Though on high

The heavens are


sometimes shrouded

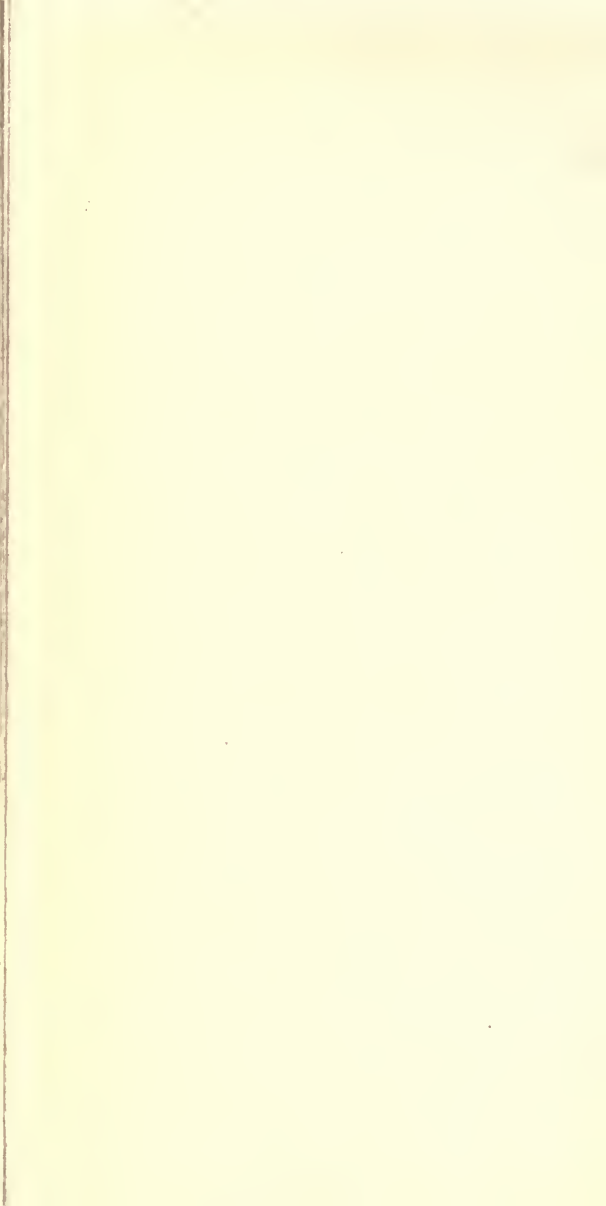
By the midnight storm,


and clouded

Till the pallid moon is crowded

From the sky.







My spirit ne'er expresses

Any choice

But to clothe him  
with caresses


And rejoice;

And as he laughs, it is in

Such a tone the  
moonbeams glisten


And the stars come out  
to listen

To his voice.





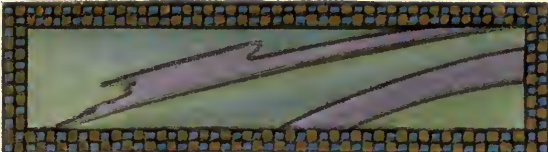




And so, whate'er the weather,  
He and I,—  
With our lives linked  
thus together,  
Float and fly  
As two thistle-tufts imbedded  
Each in each—by  
zephyrs wedded—  
Touring upward giddy-headed,  
For the sky.







WHEN MY DREAMS  
COME TRUE




WHEN my dreams  
come true—when  
my dreams come  
true—

Shall I lean from out my case-  
ment, in the starlight  
and the dew,

To listen—smile and listen to  
the tinkle of the strings







Of the sweet guitar my lover's  
fingers fondle, as he sings?

And as the nude moon slowly,  
slowly shoulders into view,


Shall I vanish from his vision—  
when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—  
shall the simple gown I wear

Be changed to softest satin,  
and my maiden-braided hair







Be raveled into flossy mists  
of rarest, fairest gold,

To be minted into kisses, more  
than any heart can hold?—

Or “the summer of my  
tresses” shall my lover liken to


“The fervor of his passion” —  
when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—  
I shall bide among the sheaves





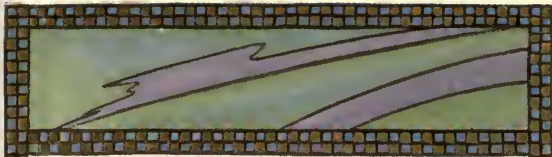




Of happy harvest meadows;  
and the grasses and the leaves  
Shall lift and lean between  
me and splendor of the sun,  
Till the noon swoons into  
twilight, and the gleaners'  
work is done—  
Save that yet an arm shall bind  
me, even as the reapers do  
The meanest sheaf of harvest—  
when my dreams come true.








When my dreams come true!  
when my dreams come true!  
True love in all simplicity is  
fresh and pure as dew;—  
The blossom in the blackest  
mold is kindlier to the eye  
Than any lily born of pride  
that looms against the sky:  
And so it is I know my heart  
will gladly welcome you,  
My lowliest of lovers,  
when my dreams come true.







## THE ROSE



Tossed its head at  
the wooing breeze;  
And the sun, like  
a bashful swain,  
Beamed on it  
through the waving trees  
With a passion all in vain,—  
For my rose laughed  
in a crimson glee,  
And hid in the leaves  
in wait for me.
















The humming-bird,  
like a courtier gay,  
Dipped down with  
a dalliant song,  
And twanged his wings  
through the roundelay  
Of love the whole day long :  
Yet my rose turned  
from his minstrelsy  
And hid in the leaves  
in wait for me.











And I said: I will cull  
my own sweet rose—

Some day I will claim as mine  
The priceless worth of  
the flower that knows


No change, but a  
bloom divine—

The bloom of a  
fadeless constancy

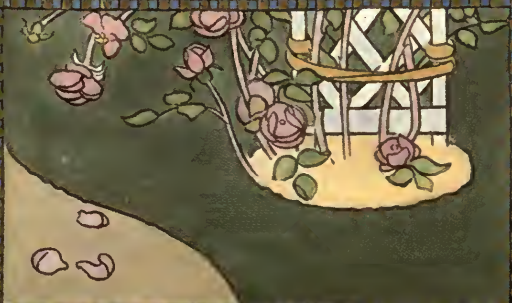
That hides in the leaves  
in wait for me!







But time passed by  
in a strange disguise,  
And I marked it not, but lay  
In a lazy dream,  
with drowsy eyes,  
Till the summer slipped away,  
And a chill wind sang  
in a minor key:  
“Where is the rose  
that waits for thee?”













## AWAY



CANNOT say, and

I will not say

That he is dead.—

He is just away!

With a cheery smile,

and a wave of the hand,

He has wandered into


an unknown land,












Think of him faring on,  
as dear  
In the love of There  
as the love of Here;

And loyal still,  
as he gave the blows  
Of his warrior-strength  
to his country's foes.—









Mild and gentle,  
as he was brave,—  
When the sweetest love  
of his life he gave

To simple things:—


Where the violets grew  
Blue as the eyes  
they were likened to,











And he pitied as much  
as a man in pain  
A writhing honey-bee  
wet with rain.—

Think of him still as  
the same, I say:  
He is not dead—  
he is just away!







HER BEAUTIFUL  
EYES



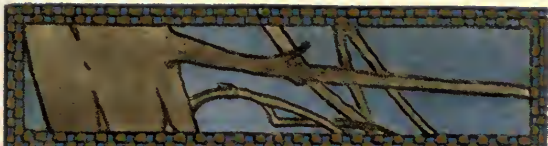
HER beautiful  
eyes! they are blue  
as the dew

On the violet's bloom  
when the morning is new,  
And the light of their love  
is the gleam of the sun










O'er the meadows of Spring  
where the quick shadows run

As the morn shifts the mists  
and the clouds from the skies—

So I stand in the dawn  
of her beautiful eyes.







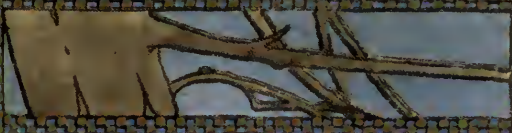
And her beautiful eyes  
are as mid-day to me,

When the lily-bell bends  
with the weight of the bee,

And the throat of the thrush  
is a-pulse in the heat,







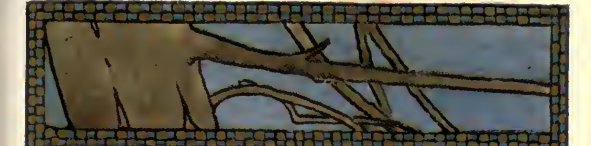
And the senses are drugged  
with the subtle and sweet

And delirious breaths of  
the air's lullabies—

So I swoon in the noon  
of her beautiful eyes.








O her beautiful eyes! they  
have smitten mine own


As a glory glanced down  
from the glare of the Throne;

And I reel, and I falter  
and fall, as afar









Fell the shepherds that  
looked on the mystical Star,  
And yet dazed in the tidings  
that bade them arise—  
So I groped through the  
night of her beautiful eyes.





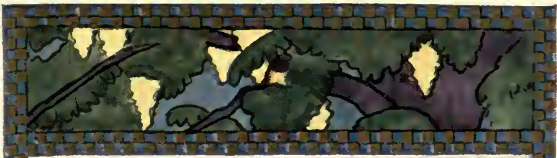
## DO THEY MISS ME




T'S the curiourest  
thing in creation,  
Whenever I hear  
that old song  
"Do They Miss Me at Home,"  
I'm so bothered,  
My life seems as  
short as it's long!—  
Fer ev'rything 'pears like adzackly  
It 'peared in the years  
past and gone,—  
When I started out  
sparkin', at twenty,  
And had my first  
neckercher on!







Though I'm wrinkelder,  
older and grayer  
Right now than my  
parents was then,  
You strike up that song  
"Do They Miss Me,"  
And I'm jest a  
youngster again!—  
I'm a-standin' back thare  
in the furries  
A-wishin' fer evening to come,  
And a-whisperin' over and over  
Them words "Do They  
Miss Me at Home?"

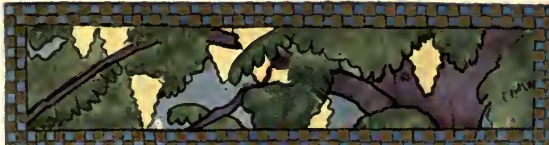








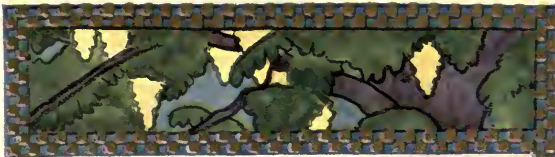




I can shet my eyes now,  
as you sing it,  
And hear her low  
answerin' words ;  
And then the glad chirp  
of the crickets,  
As clear as the twitter of birds ;  
And the dust in the road  
is like velvet,  
And the ragweed and  
fennel and grass  
Is as sweet as the scent of the lilies  
Of Eden of old, as we pass.







*“Do They Miss Me at  
Home?”* Sing it lower—

And softer—and sweet  
as the breeze

That powdered our path  
with the snowy

White bloom of the  
old locus’-trees!

Let the whippervills he’p  
you to sing it,

And the echoes ’way  
over the hill,

Tel the moon boolges out,  
in a chorus

Of stars, and our voices is still.

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